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# INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE

OF

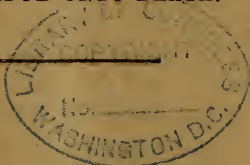
ALBERT COLBY,

THE MAN WHO PROVES

THAT MODERN SPIRITUALISM IS A DELUSION IDENTICAL  
WITH BIBLE WITCHCRAFT, AND THAT IT  
IS THE WORK OF DEVILS.

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I AM NO SECTARIAN, BUT I HOPE ALWAYS TO  
STAND UP FOR JESUS AND THE BIBLE,  
"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."



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## INTRODUCTION.

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"MODERN SPIRITUALISM" is a delusion and a fraud, a devil's trap to catch fools. As the evils of intemperance can only be thoroughly portrayed by reformed drunkards, like John B. Gough, and others of similar experience, so Modern Spiritualism needs reformed or converted Spiritualists to oppose it successfully. On the 23d day of April, 1865, I was a companion of the notorious Charles H. Foster, the so-called "test-medium," when that "light from Heaven," which saved Saul of Tarsus, appeared to me also; but it took me till 1869 to get through the wilderness and to see that witchcraft or "Spiritism" is a heinous crime against God. Since then I have frequently lectured against the evil, and as my lectures spoil the business of the mediums, they, who, like "the Cretans, are always liars," have circulated most ridiculous falsehoods about myself and family. For these reasons I have written the following *Incidents in my Life*, and I trust no candid person will accuse me of egotism for so doing. Nearly all the mediums publish histories of their lives. The better class, like A. J. Davis and D. D. Home, write their own histories; but William Denton, the blasphemer, is by J. H. Powell; and the President of the National Association of Spiritualists, that champion of free love, with "two husbands in one house," Victoria Woodhull, used Theodore Tilton's "paws to rake *her* chestnuts out of the fire."



9. m. S. May 11, 14

# INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### MY BIRTHPLACE AND PARENTAGE.

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?  
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand!”

I WAS born in Fryeburg, Oxford County, Maine, Friday morning, January 12, 1827. My birthplace was only a few rods from the New Hampshire state line, and a part of my father’s land was in New Hampshire, and for months together, of my early life, I have spent my days in New Hampshire, and my nights in Maine. God made the two states one; and the artificial line made by man, which divides Conway, N. H., from Fryeburg, Me., was once supposed to be several miles west of its present location; and many of the leading citizens of Fryeburg’s early history really lived in Conway, N. H. Portland, Maine, is the natural seaport of the larger

part of the State of New Hampshire, and if the long-hoped-for millennium ever comes, artificial boundaries, human laws, and all taxes will be abolished, and God's will then shall be done on earth "as it is in heaven;" for if all men were true Christians, no human laws or taxes would be needed, but voluntary contributions would supply all the wants of society. The White Mountains are said to be in New Hampshire, and their highest summits are in that state, but their base extends far into the State of Maine, and the Rivers Saco and Androscoggin carry the larger part of the waters that fall on those mountains through the State of Maine, into the ocean. Fryeburg and Conway, and the adjacent towns south of the White Mountains, were originally known by the Indian name of Pequawket, and owned and occupied by a powerful tribe of the same name, of which Paugus was the last noted chief, who died fighting for his birthright in the famous battle called Lovewell's Fight, A. D. 1725. No place on earth excels in beauty the land of the Pequawkets—the home of my Scotch ancestors—the place of my birth.

My father, James Colby, and my mother, Mary Stirling, were married in Conway, N. H., by Rev. Nathaniel Porter, D. D., October 2, 1823. I was the second of five children, all now living. My earliest remembrance is of Revolutionary Heroes. Our home was surrounded by soldiers of the American Revolution. Our nearest neighbor was Captain Nathaniel Hutchins, a captain in the war for the In-

dependence of our country, and a lieutenant in the previous French war; and when the war of 1812 broke out, he had a major's commission sent him, but being bowed with the infirmities of old age, and unable again to participate in the "sweet madness of battle," he sat down and wept with an exceeding bitter cry, like Esau weeping for his lost blessing. His granddaughter Matilda, who most frequently cared for the wants of his declining years, was a noble maiden when I was a child, and she was one of my especial patron saints. I remember her and my father's two younger sisters, Betsy and Hannah, as three angels, always doing good; and I never heard any one of them speak a word upon any subject that I would have changed, and I loved them better than any other persons then living, except my mother; but I remember, when a child, during a severe sickness of my mother, of praying God honestly and earnestly to spare her life and take mine.

Matilda Hutchins gave me the first presents I ever remember receiving, and she taught me to speak pieces and to "hurrah for Jackson." She and my mother were always most intimate friends, and I used to call her "Aunt Tilda." I was taught to call all Revolutionary soldiers "Grandsire;" and Grandsire Pettee, Grandsire Cross, Knight, Walker, Heath, &c., are still fresh in my memory. My ancestors were mostly Scotch, and I can trace them back to Scotland, and find their former homes and similar names there still. Matilda Hutchins used to tell me stories of William Wallace, and King

Robert Bruce, and she used to teach me to hate the English; but I have since learned to love at least many of them. God is love, and his Christ has taught us to love even our enemies. Whoever loves Jesus is my brother, be he English, Scotch, or Irish; and our Savior says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and whosoever tries to follow my Savior, satisfies me, be he of the English, Latin, or Greek church, or of any of the minor classes of the Dissenters. These side issues I care nothing for. Faith in Jesus and a pure life insure salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," says Paul; and whoever believes on Jesus accepts His promises; better than government bonds, better than silver and gold; and Jesus promises that the pure in heart shall see God. True faith and a pure life are one; for Scripture says, "Faith without works is dead."

Peter says, "In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

Jesus says, "Many shall come from the east and the west and sit down in the kingdom."

No one is to be blamed or praised for his birth-place, his parentage, or his inherited religious creed. These blessings are to be prized, but not to be boasted of, for God is no respecter of persons. We must answer for all our gifts. "To whom much is given, of him much will be required;" "but he that knoweth not his Master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with few stripes."



James Colby, my father, was the son of Robert Colby and Hannah Kelley. Robert Colby was the son of Jacob Colby and Anney Miller, his wife. They came from Scotland; but as I cannot find the name of Colby in Scotland or Ireland, I conclude the Colbys, who settled with the Scotch-Irish, in New Hampshire and Western Maine, were of English origin, as that name is frequently found in England. My grandmother, Hannah Kelley, wife of my grandfather Colby, was daughter of Joshua Kelley — a Scotchman, but a soldier of the American Revolution, who passed away before my memory — and Deborah Page, his wife. My mother, whose maiden name was Mary Stirling, was daughter of John Stark Stirling and Ruth Kimball. My grandfather Stirling was son of Hugh Stirling, from Glasgow, Scotland, and Isabel Stark, his wife, daughter of Archibald Stark, of Derryfield, N. H., where the city of Manchester now stands. Some account of Archibald Stark and his family may be found in the History of Manchester, in the History of Dunbarton, and many other New Hampshire histories. Much valuable history and biography in all Christian countries is found preserved in the registers of old Family Bibles, and the proper ownership of millions of dollars and pounds sterling has been decided from family records found in old Bibles. Every person should own a Bible with a family history recorded within. A member of the Stark family has recently shown me an old Bible with the following record: —

Anney Stark, born . . . .	1722-75
William Stark, born . . . .	1724-73
Isabel Stark, born . . . .	1726-71
John Stark, born . . . .	1728-69
Archibald Stark, born . . . .	1730-67
Jean Stark, born . . . .	1734-63
Samuel Stark, born . . . .	1736-61

These were children of Archibald Stark, a liberally educated gentleman from Glasgow, Scotland, and Eleanor, his wife, whose earthly remains now lie buried in Manchester, N. H. This record was evidently written in 1797, and the figures at the right show the ages of the family when the record was made, for, add any one of these ages to the year of birth, and we have the date 1797.

Samuel Stark and Isabel, with her husband Hugh Stirling, settled in Conway, N. H., adjoining Fryeburg, Maine, where I was born. My mother's father was son of Isabel, and namesake of her brother, Major-General John Stark, who commanded the forces that captured the British army at Bennington, Vt. Often do I remember of Revolutionary soldiers calling at our house, who, before leaving us, would say to myself and older brother Richard, "My boys, you've got good blood in ye; get some larnin' — 'twill help ye."

My grandmother Stirling's maiden name was Ruth Kimball, daughter of Richard Kimball, and Anney, his wife, early settlers of Conway, N. H. They went from Andover, Mass.; and the maiden

name of Richard Kimball's wife was Robertson, and that of his mother was Peabody. He was an elegant penman, and, for reasons before mentioned, was the first town clerk of Fryeburg, Maine, though he lived in Conway, N. H., and afterwards kept the books of Conway for many years.

We all have two parents, four grandparents, and they increase as we go back in geometrical proportion; and our children have only half our own blood, our grandchildren one fourth; and one hundred years from to-day, the people of our earth will have only one eighth, or perhaps one sixteenth of the blood of the property holders of to-day, and one thousand years hence, what an infinitesimal fraction of the blood of any person living to-day will be in the veins of any person that may be living then! Truly, God is our Father, and all men are brethren.

I have been thus particular in giving the names of my ancestors because my parents, grandparents, and other relations have witnessed as wonderful phenomena as any of the mediums of to-day can show, from D. D. Home, to C. H. Foster, which facts I use in my debates with those Bible-hating, God-denying, Heaven-defying, anti-Christ people called "Modern Spiritualists." My parents were Congregationalists, and I was baptized in infancy by their clergyman. My grandparents all died members of the Methodist church, having been fascinated by the free-will teachings of John Wesley, and they were all God-fearing, Bible-loving people.

## CHAPTER II.

## MY BUSINESS OPERATIONS.

“ Who’s born for sloth? To some we find  
The ploughshare’s annual toil assigned;  
Some at the sounding anvil glow;  
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;  
Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
From pole to pole our commerce guide:  
In every rank, or great or small,  
’Tis industry supports us all.”

My father was a farmer, the most honest and honorable occupation on earth. I learned my father’s trade, and worked at it every summer till I was twenty-one years old.

To cultivate the soil is the natural occupation of the human race. Even before the fall of man, we read in the first chapter of the Bible that God commanded our first parents to “replenish” the earth and “subdue” it; that is to say, he commanded them to go to farming.

No person can be independent or happy without some useful employment. Idle, lazy people never yet were happy, and never will be. Pleasant labor is not only necessary for man’s health, prosperity, and happiness while on earth, but Scripture teaches



that we shall continue to perform uses beyond the grave. The Lord of Glory while on earth lived a continual life of labor; and he says (John v. 17), "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." That the angels of heaven are not idle, Paul shows in Hebrews i. 14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Philosophers and statesmen have lauded, and poets have sung, the praises of Labor, in all ages and countries.

My duties upon a farm did not prevent me from attending school winters, generally, about three months each year; but farmers' boys do not attend summer school after they are big enough to work. Yet "rainy days" are sweet to boys who love study; many such happy days have I spent in my attic studying mathematics, for which science I then had an ardent love, and to this day the sound of falling rain upon a roof is very pleasant to me. After I was fifteen years old, I went to an academy for three years, one term each year, till I was eighteen, and thus ended my schooling; but I taught six country schools before I was twenty-one years old, learning much more by teaching than I could by attending school. The principal of the academy in my native town assured me at sixteen, that I was better versed in mathematics than those persons usually are who graduate at colleges. About this time I spent many months in surveying land and running lines in the woods of Maine and New Hampshire. I was a skilful fisherman, and trout and pickerel were always

abundant at my father's house. I was also called a good shot, and abundance of game satisfied my father that hunting was profitable, as well as fishing; and I have delighted him by shooting my bird on the wing, and my fox on the run, and I once tamed a young fox so that he manifested as much affection for me as a dog usually does for his master. I have had fish so tamed or magnetized, that they would feed from my hand. The story of my pets would make a volume. I have been surprised to see my pet animals obey my thoughts without my uttering a word or making a motion, as it proved to me how mind governs matter.

Early in March, 1848 (the year modern spiritualism was born), I left my native town, and located in Lowell, Mass., where I worked for a manufacturing company about six months, after which I made arrangements with certain publishers to introduce school books into Maine and New Hampshire, and established my home in Manchester, in the latter state; I was married in New Hampshire, and my oldest son (John) was born in that city. I afterwards moved to Lowell, Mass., in which city my other two sons, Nathan and James, were born; and I opened a bookstore in Boston, at 150 Washington Street, but afterwards moved to 20 Washington Street, and manufactured and dealt in books.

Not the best men become the greatest. Not the wisest men become the most exalted in this world. Many a wicked Dives is clothed in purple and fine

linen, and fares sumptuously every day, while Lazarus is covered with sores, and eats the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table; but, blessed be God, death is a leveller, and the same things that the rich man shrinks from, comfort the afflicted poor man. Robert Burns writes, —

“ O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, —  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!  
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn!  
But, O, a blest relief to those  
That weary laden mourn!”

As with men, so with books. Frothy, frivolous, immoral books sell, while the purest and best literature often goes begging. Sometimes good books prove failures for want of proper titles. A certain man in Boston once published two books that proved failures. One was christened “Forest and Shore.” The other was written by an educated gentleman, who was then a Boston editor; and was christened “Dovecote.” I bought these books, and plates, and copyrights for only their worth for old junk. I stripped off their covers and printed new title pages, and bound them over; and one I named “Sweet Home, or Life in the Country, by the Editor of a Boston Daily Paper;” the other was named “The Wrecker's Daughter, and other Tales of the Forest, the Shore, and the Ocean;” and I sold both editions like hot cakes, and continued to print uncounted thousands of them.

In many places books are not sold as cheap as they ought to sell, on account of high taxation. There are no taxes on books in Philadelphia, and in some other parts of the United States, nor in London, or any part of Great Britain; and it is a ridiculous anomaly to impose heavy taxes to support free schools, and to exempt all churches, academies, and school-houses from taxation, and then turn around and tax Bibles, school-books, &c., just like any other property.

In 1855 a method of selling books sprang up called "gift enterprises." A regular lottery was carried on; but instead of selling tickets, a book costing at wholesale from ten to fifty cents, would be sold for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and a gift would be presented with the book. Books, that had been accumulating for many years, were rapidly sold; but, like most other lotteries, the big prizes were not drawn, and friendly rascals were hired to say they had drawn this, that, and the other watch, piano, or diamond ring, as the case might be, and for several years few books could be sold in any other way through the United States. I never bet in any way, and never patronize any scheme by chance, cards, dice, lot, or other gambling device whatever, and I fully believe no person can do it without breaking one of God's Ten Commandments — "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's" [goods]. But what was I to do? I lay awake one entire night, and planned a plan to give by caprice a present with every book I sold, and the



thing worked like a charm. I cleared fifteen hundred dollars in Boston the first month I sold in that way. I cleared twelve hundred dollars in Portland in a single month; twelve hundred dollars in New Bedford in a month; one thousand dollars in Baltimore in a month; eight hundred dollars in Biddeford in a month, and I cannot afford space to enumerate the places where I cleared five hundred dollars per month, for I kept several stores in operation for about six years, changing from city to city every few months.

But to do business in that way, I am satisfied, is wrong. I hope I would not repeat it if I had the opportunity to-day, for the Bible not only forbids telling lies, but loving and making them. A person may make a lie without telling one. They may wrong their neighbor by acting a lie as well as by telling one. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. All business should be done without dissembling or deceiving in any way whatever. I always gave a tenth of my gains to objects of charity, but seldom anything to professional beggars. When I was thirty-seven years old, I made up my mind I had property enough for any one man, and I closed up my business in Boston, built me a country residence in my native state, withdrew from those lodges and societies in Boston of which I had been a happy member, and resolved that the rest of my days should be spent in trying to secure an entrance into that Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides.

## CHAPTER III.

## MY JOYS AND MY SORROWS.

“Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.”

“But 'tis the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace hath given;  
The hope when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.”

ALL my happiness is based upon “Faith in Christ.” That Faith is the pearl of great price. It heightens every joy one hundred fold, and soothes every sorrow, and alleviates all suffering.

“He bowed the heavens also and came down,” and “behold the tabernacle of God is with men.” Jesus is the only begotten of the Father. He is the Door — the Right Hand or the Temple of God. He is “God manifest in the flesh.” Believing all his promises makes me happy. He promises his followers one hundred fold reward in this present life in houses and lands, besides, in the world to come, “life everlasting;” not that we shall have one hundred fold more of this world's goods for doing

right, but that we shall enjoy them one hundred fold better. The Christian loves his wife and children and other friends all the more for having faith in Christ's promises. He enjoys his food and raiment and all other earthly blessings all the more for thinking of the Giver while enjoying the gift — for adoring the Creator while loving the creature. If we lose a child, and have faith that we will soon meet that child in heaven, we mourn not as one without hope.

The Psalmist praises God for turning his mourning into dancing. We are told to praise God in the dance, in the last two Psalms, and Jesus tells us in the parable when the prodigal son returned to his father's house, there was music and dancing. Yet I never danced, for I never had time to learn, but I sing and laugh, and am happy; and I try to make my family and friends comfortable and happy also. Jesus says His "yoke is easy" and His "burden is light." Yet "faith without works is dead;" merely Devils' faith, for they believe and tremble. "The pure in heart" "shall see God," and faith in Christ will help any one to live a pure life and keep the Ten Commandments. Scientific men say a generation of human beings go to the eternal world once in thirty years; but that is no reason why we should go about mourning in sackcloth and ashes all those thirty years. I am now living my forty-ninth year, and have more friends and relations in the eternal world than in this; yet I am in no hurry to die. I hope I am consecrated to God, and willing to live or

die, but I have seen the time when I longed for death. I can understand how Paul felt when he said to live was Christ, but to die was gain. He preferred to die and be with the Lord, yet he was willing to live and perform uses.

When I was a youth, teaching school in the town of Lovell, Maine, I first saw my wife, Maria F. Dresser, daughter of Nathan Dresser and his wife, whose maiden name was Dorcas Heald. At sight I resolved she should be my wife, but it took me several years to persuade her to marry me, which she did October 23, 1850. We have accumulated our property together, and raised up three sons, but the fourth is not, for God took him.

The first Monday in October, 1872, my wife had a terrible shock of palsy, paralyzing her entire right side, and rendering her senseless for many days; but after many months of careful watching, she got able to go about with crutches. I felt willing to divide my life with her, but faith in Christ kept me from despair. Faith in Christ and in all His Promises comforted us both in our affliction, and He has turned our sorrow into joy; and I hope the dear Lord may spare her to me as long as He has work for me on earth, and that He may then take us together; yet, as He knows best and doeth all things well, we happily submit to His Will. The following lines were written by me on the partial recovery of my wife, and a part of the verses were published in "Gleanings from the Poets," under the title of—



## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The prettiest girl in all the town  
I courted once and "beau'd around" —  
"The prettiest girl," did each one say,  
"That I have seen for many a day."

How swiftly by the time has flown  
Since this fair girl became mine own ;  
Since she gave me her hand for life !  
How proudly then I called her wife !

She walks to-day with crutch and cane,  
And even so she walks with pain.  
But in *my* mind she's young and gay  
And fair as on our marriage-day.

When Jesus lived with man on earth,  
He healed the soul and body both ;  
Where Jesus dwells there is no pain ;  
There wife and I'll be young again !

A child of nature wondered why  
An aged Christian longed to die ;  
But Christian answered, as he smiled,  
"These are my reasons, Nature's child :

"Dear Christ, the carpenter, I know,  
Worked at His trade on earth below ;  
He tells us now, with perfect love,  
He's working at His trade above.

“ And when I pray, I seem to see  
The home my Lord has made for me !  
Then why not leave this world of woe,  
And to that Heavenly Mansion go ? ”

Deformed and wrinkled, I grow old,  
And, filled with pain and chilled with cold,  
My body burdens me to earth ;  
I'm waiting for my spirit birth.

I'm now a worm, but long to try  
The higher life of butterfly.  
These limbs, these eyes, this body — all  
Soon into dust will surely fall.

And when it turns to dirt and dust,  
This poor, old, worthless, worn-out crust  
Will ne'er again be used by me :  
This doctrine in God's Word I see.

When fruits and grains are ripened, all  
To mother earth are doomed to fall.  
But from the earth they sprout and grow :  
Such is God's law, man well doth know.

So when our bodies fall to earth,  
Our spirit-beings have their birth.  
As turn the worms to butterflies,  
So to the better land we rise.

God is the potter — we the clay ;  
And let us to our Father pray,

That He who forms the butterfly  
May guide and lead us to the sky.

Let us live by the Golden Rule ;  
That is the lesson of life's school, —  
For if we treat our neighbor right  
We gain the victory — end the fight.

The better we live here below,  
Better the joys to which we go,  
But God will do for every one  
The best that for him can be done.

My head is bald ; but what care I ?  
Dull is my ear, dim is mine eye.  
Soon wife and I will pass away,  
Happy as 'twere our marriage-day.

Jesus says (John viii. 51), " Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." And Paul says, " Our Lord Jesus Christ hath abolished death." He died to " deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage."

The hymns of all Christian countries abound with these truths. In an Episcopal church in England I opened to these lines : —

" When from flesh the spirit free  
Hastens homeward to return,  
Mortals cry, ' A man is dead ! '  
Angels sing, ' A child is born ! ' "

This same sentiment is found in most hymn-books in our country, as in this verse : —

“Then in a nobler, sweeter strain,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies mouldering in the grave.”

I wrote the following lines for the occasion of the golden wedding of my parents, and the marriage of my eldest son, at Fryeburg, Maine, October 2, 1873 : —

#### TRUE MARRIAGE FOR ETERNITY.

Does marriage last beyond the grave?  
Thy answer, Lord, I humbly crave ;  
Thou art the Way, the Truth, and Life, —  
Say, must I ever lose my wife?

No ! all who live in love below,  
Love on, in heaven. It *must* be so.  
The God of Love hath plainly said,  
Whom He unites are always wed.

But no foul lust unites a pair,  
Or selfish love of money, *there* :  
In Thy blest realms of heaven above,  
Nothing unites pure souls but love.

O blessed Jesus, now I see  
Thy words against polygamy ;

All selfish lust and greed of gain  
Is what Thy Word condemns so plain !

But if two souls unite in love  
On earth, they will unite above.  
Thank God, earth's selfish marriage-chains  
Will not bind souls on Heavenly Plains.

Render to Cæsar all that's due ;  
To every pledge, on earth, be true ;  
But when pure souls to heaven may go,  
Each Juliet meets her Romeo.

I have written many poems in my life, but perhaps they have attracted more attention for truth than for poetry. When my oldest son was born, in Manchester, N. H., I had a pet gray squirrel, named Jack. He would lie in my bosom, and manifest affection for me in many ways ; but I loved my boy and neglected my squirrel, and he drooped and died, heart-broken, perhaps. As my squirrel died in midwinter, and the snow was deep, I entombed him with much pains through a breathing-hole in the Merrimack River. It was the work of only a few moments to write the following lines, which I insert here, to show my theological views at that time : —

Good by, my Jack ; once my sprightly Jack ;  
Now roll the waters of the Merrimack,  
Unheeded by thee, o'er thy head !  
Once my sprightly Jack, now thou art dead !



But, Jack, I'd rather choose thy place,  
Than the fate of many of *my* race  
Who are doomed eternity to spend,  
Months, years, and ages without end,  
Thinking of actions of this life ;  
Thinking of sorrow and of strife  
Which they have caused in this world below,  
Creators they of their every woe.

Christians are often sorely tried by pretended friends, and worthless relations, and false brethren, who want to borrow money, or get indorsements for ruinous schemes of folly ; but they should always reply, that Scripture forbids casting pearls before swine, or giving our children's bread to dogs, and point to Matthew xii. 46-50, and xviii. 15-20 ; for there Jesus gives us plain rules to govern our actions towards our friends and enemies. Christians are God's agents to help the widow and the fatherless through this " short vale of sorrow."

" 'Tis the wink of our eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud ;  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? "

Where are the scholars that went with me to the first school I ever attended? — and the school-master, where is he? Directly opposite the school-house lived David Hardy, and he sent four scholars, David, Jr., James, Stephen, and Emily ; but " uncle David, and aunt Judy," and the four scholars have been

dead for more than twenty years. Next below the school-house lived Jonathan Shirley. His son Mason was our school-master. He was born with only one hand, and was employed for several winters, partly out of sympathy. He was a good fellow, full of fun, and very fond of snapping boys' ears. He was not only school-master, but Methodist minister, and a Thomsonian doctor, and he sometimes threatened bad boys with a lobelia emetic. His youngest brother, Jonathan, and two sisters, were scholars; but "uncle Jonathan and aunt Hitty," and the school-master, and three scholars, have all been dead for thirty years. The next house was my father's. Old age took him to the better world only last year. Next lived Henry Dearborn Hutchins, and he sent three scholars, Freeman, Thomas, and Mehitable. Thomas only is living; but Freeman, — dear Freeman, — who used to carry me in his arms over the big drifts, filled a stranger's grave some forty years ago; but I have not space to give a full necrology of our school.

How short is our stay in this material world, and what folly to try to rap up ghosts, even if it were possible! But it is not possible. God has so ordered it, or man would lose his individuality and his freedom, and the human race would end. Spiritualists ask a fish and get a serpent, they ask an egg and get a scorpion; they seek to communicate with spirit friends, but are deluded by devils and robbed by mediums. They spend money for that which is not bread, and labor for that which satisfieth not.

## CHAPTER IV.

## WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

*Glendower.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hotspur.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the Devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth. "Tell truth, and shame the devil."

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.*, Act 3, Scene 1.

WHAT is a devil but a wicked person in this or any other world? Jesus said, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" All trees are known by their fruit, and the fruit of "Modern Spiritualism" is the worst that ever grew on earth. I took my first lessons of La Roy Sunderland in 1849, in Lowell, Mass., and my second lessons of J. S. Loveland, in Manchester, N. H. They were both apostate Methodist preachers, and I became an apostate Methodist also. But April 23, 1865, the "God of the Hebrews" met me, and I received a blessing, a Pearl of Great Price, the greatest gift of God to man, which was nothing less than "Faith in Christ," and I went humbly back to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was licensed by that church to preach both in Maine and in Virginia; but for four



years longer I continued to investigate "Spiritualism," and in 1869, by reading the Bible and the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and my own experience, I became fully satisfied that it is just as sinful to consult a witch, or a medium, or person having a familiar spirit, as it is to commit adultery, or to break any other of God's Ten Commandments.

I am in no sense a sectarian. The Methodist and Congregational churches are continually growing nearer each other. There are about ten millions of the latter church who speak the English language, and to-day they believe in as much "free-will" as ever John Wesley preached; while the Methodists are introducing lay delegation into their bodies, and in one large city I have seen a church with the inscription on its front — "*Congregational Methodist Church.*"

The world is growing less and less sectarian every year, and more and more Christian. John said, "He [Jesus] must increase, but I must decrease." The Baptists have always had congregational church government. The late Professor George Bush wrote a book which illuminates this subject perfectly. It is entitled "The Origin of Priesthood and Clergy, or Ecclesiastical Rulers unknown to Primitive Christianity, with Scriptural Arguments in Favor of Congregational Church Government, and Proofs that the Churches of the First Century were Communities of co-equal Brethren."

Paul says (Acts xvi. 31), "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Whatever church or clergyman will adhere

to Paul's creed, can have me as a co-worker. Believe on Jesus and follow Him, which embraces keeping the Ten Commandments, is all the creed which should be required of every person. Whoever believes on the Lord Jesus Christ must accept Moses and the Prophets, and the Psalms, for Jesus indorsed those books, both before and after His Resurrection. "Search the Scriptures." "They are they which testify of Me," says the great Master. The name of Jesus pronounced by a true Christian will break up any circle of Spiritualists, silence their familiar spirits, banish their devils, and render their mediums powerless. That there are many honest, virtuous people among the rank and file of the Spiritualists, I do not deny; but they are deluded by mediums, and their familiar spirits, who conspire to rob and destroy their victims.

"Mediums" were called, in olden times, sorcerers, necromancers, prognosticators, soothsayers, astrologers, wizards, witches, and persons having familiar spirits, and they are all condemned by the Bible from beginning to end. We read in Ex. xxii. 18, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and in Deut. xviii. 10-12, "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the LORD."

Paul addressed Elymas, the sorcerer, as follows:

"O, full of all subtlety, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness."

We are continually assured by Scripture that mediums can never enter heaven. The last chapter of the Bible says, at verse 14, "for without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers." Mediumship and free love always went hand in hand, and virtuous mediums were always as rare as white crows. (See Isaiah lvii. 3.) Spoiling mediums and their business was a part of the work of Jesus and His apostles. (See Acts xvi. 16, &c.) Our Lord cast seven devils out of a woman, and legion out of a man, thus ruining a medium much more powerful than the Davenports or the Eddys, for this medium they could not bind even "with chains." Well may I use the language of my Master in Matthew xxiii. 33, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

I have spent years of time and thousands of dollars investigating this great delusion. I have never seen a person benefited, but have known uncounted multitudes ruined, families separated, fine intellects demented, fortunes wasted, and free love, or prostitution, almost universally adopted by those persons calling themselves "Modern Spiritualists." I have prepared two lectures upon the subject.

I. MODERN SPIRITUALISM WEIGHED IN A BALANCE FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND FOUND WANTING.

II. SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND, AND ENGLISH SPIRITUALISTS, INCLUDING WHAT I SAW IN MY

## TRIP THROUGH ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER OF 1874.

These lectures I deliver before churches, lyceums, or any societies established for benevolent purposes, on the most favorable terms. And whenever desired, I debate the following subject with Spiritualists: —

RESOLVED, *That Modern Spiritualism is a delusion identical with Bible witchcraft, and that it is the work of devils.*

I have discussed the above resolution in various cities, and in all cases my replies to the attacks upon the Bible have silenced the enemy, and they have always retired, apparently "convinced against their will," for they all hate the Bible, the Lord, and the Christian Religion.

I have had seances with multitudes of different mediums, and I once had for a partner the notorious Charles H. Foster, called the greatest test medium in the world, but I never saw any person benefited by him or any other medium. Foster has the power to some extent to read minds, but he is a low juggler and humbug. The New York Chemical Review says, that one third of all the inmates of the Insane Asylums throughout the United States are victims of spiritual mediums.

Why do Modern Spiritualists hate the Bible, the Lord, and the Christian Religion? Why do they claim that Heathen are better than Christians, that Paganism is better than Christianity, and that the old Canaanites were better than the Jews? It is because they love darkness rather than light, for



their deeds are evil. Spiritualists claim that "there is no evil," but that "all evil is undeveloped good;" but if they commit such crimes as are forbidden in Leviticus xviii. 22 to 30, and are referred to in Romans i. 26 and 27, why not treat them as commanded in Exodus xxii. 18? Can Modern Spiritualists explain what "*undeveloped good*" there is in the crimes of the old Canaanites, or the Pagan Romans, or the equally filthy "free love Spiritualists" of the present day? Such wretches are called, in Scripture, dogs, swine, serpents, and vipers, and they can never enter heaven any more than fishes can swim in the air, or owls and bats can enjoy a sunrise. That the merciful and loving God will make their future condition as comfortable as their natures will permit, I have no doubt; but that state of society which would be to them a heaven, decent people would call hell. Many believe in the annihilation of such souls, and if that were scriptural, it would be reasonable; but Swedenborg says, in his book called Heaven and Hell, an eternal state of servitude, where they will perform uses, is their doom. Could God make doves out of snakes, or lambs out of wolves? That He could, I have no doubt; but it is not His way of making lambs and doves. No more will He ever manufacture angels out of devils or familiar spirits.

I have written and prepared three books, defending the Bible against the misrepresentations of Modern Spiritualists.

1. A twenty-cent book upon the RESURRECTION,

proving the Bible doctrine of the resurrection perfectly in accordance with Science and Reason.

2. A twenty-cent book entitled THE ROADS TO HEAVEN AND HELL, showing why people love to go to hell, &c. A part of this book is devoted to exposing Swedenborgianism, or turning it inside out, because "Modern Spiritualists" claim to be like Swedenborg, which is absolutely false; for he says the spirits of good people after death go to heaven, but wicked people remain about the earth; and to consult "Spirit Mediums" is forbidden by the Word of God, and is dangerous and liable to destroy both soul and body. Jesus says, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Heaven and hell do not depend so much upon *place* as upon the state or condition of the mind or soul.

3. A seventy-five cent book entitled A PLAIN AND TRUTHFUL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, ITS NATURE AND TEACHINGS, FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE.

This book proves the Bible to be reasonable and truthful, and that no contradictions can be found in it, and that it is just as sinful to consult mediums as to commit adultery, or to break any other of God's Ten Commandments.

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## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE been about ten years in collecting and arranging the facts here presented. They have been used in debates with those infidels and atheists who have attacked the Bible with pretended "communications from the spirit world." These wicked people claim to prove that the Bible sanctions polygamy, intemperance, and other evils which are utterly condemned by the "Word of God." They pretend to show that the Bible teaches a doctrine of three Gods, while such language cannot be found in the Bible, or in any creed of Christendom from the Roman Catholic to the Universalist. John Murray, the founder of Universalism in America, taught that Jesus was the only visible God of heaven and earth; and the invisible God filling immensity, formed, with Jesus, "one God only," like the soul and body of a man. (See pages 17-37 and 117.) John the Baptist said, "He [Jesus] must increase, but I must decrease;" and the more any one becomes a true Christian, the less they will be found a sectarian. The two great armies of Christ and anti-Christ are now at war. The great giant of anti-Christ is now marching up and down through the earth, defying the armies of the living God. "Modern Spiritualism" is this giant. Let him be stoned to death. Stones mean truths, and the Bible is full of truths, and in the name of Jesus let all Christians unite, and the bear of infidelity, the lion of paganism, and the giant of "Modern Spiritualism," shall fall together to the dust to rise no more forever.

ALBERT COLBY.

LOWELL, MASS., May, 1874.

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